

This Week

M A G A Z I N E

The Sunday Star
WASHINGTON, D. C.

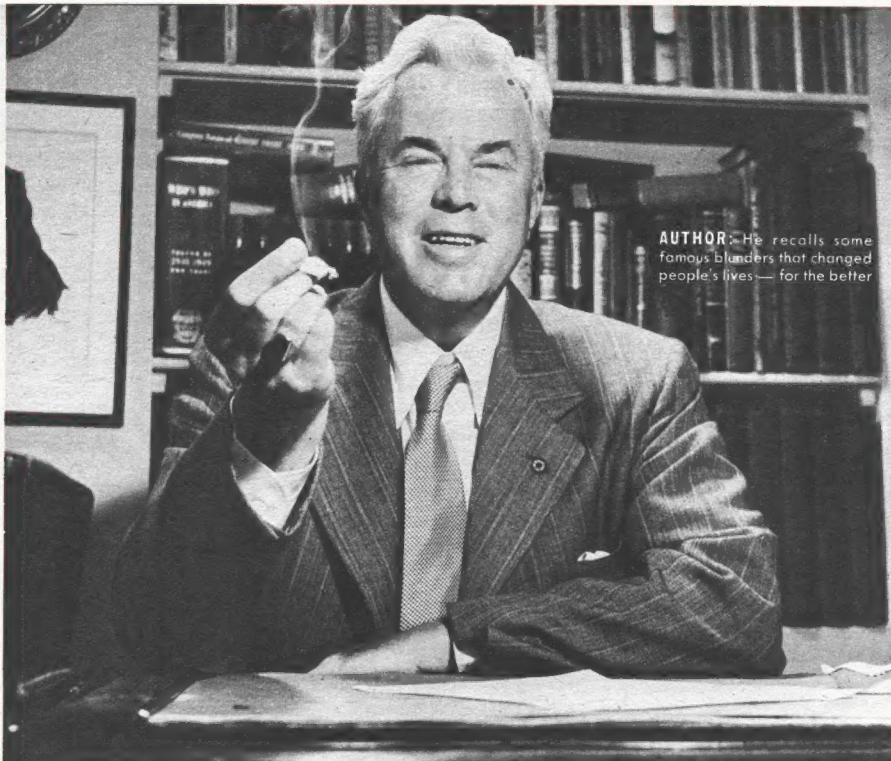
MAGAZINE SECTION • JUNE 21 1953



ON TOP OF THE WORLD: SHE'S GWEN VERDON, "CAN-CAN" DARLING. SEE PAGE 20

"I TRIED SUICIDE"

A Girl's Anonymous Confession... Page 7



AUTHOR He recalls some famous blunders that changed people's lives — for the better

MAKE A MISTAKE!

by Robert Hillyer

Pulitzer Prize Poet

To err is human — and sometimes it's
the best thing that could happen to you

*I intended an Ode,
And it turn'd to a Sonnet.*
— AUSTIN DOBSON

How often we intend one thing and it turns into another! There is a joke in the Greek Anthology about a man who invented a stove that didn't work but served excellently as a wine cooler in summer. The New England eccentric, "Lord" Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, Mass., sent a strange cargo of warming pans to the West Indies and made his fortune when the natives discovered that the pans, with their long handles, were perfect for cooking in a hot climate.

Centuries of apparently wasted effort on the part of alchemists not only gave birth to chemistry but also provided a rich storehouse of symbols for philosophy and poetry. Columbus aimed

at India and found America. The experience has become proverbial: we aim for the goose and hit the gander.

The same thing happens with cheerful frequency in daily life. A job is lost which, if it had been taken, would have prevented the acceptance of a better one. The wrong book comes home from the library and opens a whole new field of interest. I know of a student in college who wandered into the wrong classroom and became so interested in the subject being discussed there that he pursued it and made it his career. I need scarcely add that, being so absent-minded, he became a famous professor.

It is better to wait and see what happens than to be discouraged. It should take the edge off disappointment to remember that half the things that go wrong surprise us by turning out all right.

ARTHUR DALEY PHOTO

Sidelines

FISH-SHY. When we assigned photographer Ray Solowinski to take the Fashion Find photo on Page 22, we knew there would be problems. Fish won't pose, water sometimes looks murky, and glass tanks often give off awkward reflections. But Ray ran extensive tests, after letting the water clear for a week. He even fed the fish to make them sleepy. All was set when the three models reported for work and were arranged along a special scaffold.



fold. Then came an unexpected hitch: the blonde (left, above) is scared of goldfish! Every time she put her foot in the water, one of them made for it — and out came the foot. As you can see, he eventually got his picture. It took patience.

TOO LATE. We've just heard about a Civil Defense test in a western city in which Boy Scouts impersonated wounded persons. One Scout was told to lie on the ground and await his rescuers — but the first-aid people got behind schedule and the Scout lay "wounded" for several hours. When the rescuers finally reached the spot, they found nothing but a penciled note: "Have bled to death and gone home."
— THE EDITORS

This Week

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE

WILLIAM L. NICHOLS, Editor

Editorial offices: 430 Lexington
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Cover by Joseph Heppner

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FOR A BETTER AMERICA

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Is **100% Mild**
TO HELP YOU GUARD THAT

Schoolgirl Complexion Look!

Fresh and Radiant—Janice Seiler, Tucson High School, Tucson, Ariz., says: "To help keep my skin fresh and radiant, I use nothing but 100% mild Palmolive Soap. I love its rich, fragrant lather."

For Lovelier—Univ. of V. says: "I use Palmolive while it cleans me a far better recommendation."

Only Palmolive—Carolyn Britt, Coral Gables Senior H.S., Fla., says: "I use only Palmolive... it gives me everything I need for gentle beauty care... to help guard my Schoolgirl Complexion Look."

Gentle—Harding says: "I use Palmolive... it gives me everything I need for gentle beauty care... to help guard my Schoolgirl Complexion Look."

Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is Far Better For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care" With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Yes, Softer, Smoother Skin—that Schoolgirl Complexion Look—most women can have it within 14 days. 36 leading skin specialists have proved it in actual tests on 1285 women. What's more, these doctors found that Palmolive's Beauty Plan is *unquestionably* better for your skin than "just average care" with any leading toilet soap.

So don't lose another day! Change to Palmolive's Beauty Plan... massage Palmolive's 100% mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds, 3 times a day. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat dry. In 14 days or less, you can have softer, smoother, brighter skin, because Palmolive brings out beauty while it cleans your skin!

*No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.

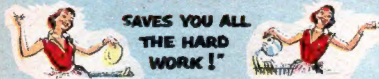
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MAKES DISHES SHINE
WITHOUT WASHING OR WIPING!

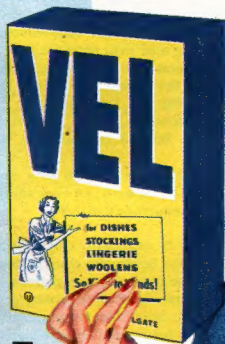
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DON'T WASH—JUST SOAK
Dishes soak grease-free in seconds! No washing needed. If food clings, a touch of the dishcloth gets it off. There's no greasy dish-water with Vel—no ring around the pan!

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Package for package, Vel cuts grease better than the leading washday detergent, liquid detergents or soaps!



"—and yet NO 'DETERGENT BURN' to hands!"

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Dip hands in water. Then put a tablespoonful of any leading washday detergent in one hand — put a tablespoonful of VEL in the other.



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FROM START TO FINISH

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1 NEW! BEAUTY RINSE NEUTRALIZER. With creme rinse built-in. Automatically neutralizes, conditions and beauty-finishes hair in one quick step. Gives you bouncier, prettier, longer-lasting curls with a never-before kind of natural lustrous softness. Never that "new permanent" look!

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Balanced and buffered to protect hair vitality and health. Insures a curl that goes right to the ends. Gentlest regular lotion on the market today.

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Use any plastic curler. But try Richard Hudnut Whirl-a-Wave Curlers for triumphant results.



**We make no wild promises, no empty guarantees.
Your beautiful hair will speak for itself.**



FEEL how soft and bouncy the ends are. Not frizzy, not crackly. Beauty Rinse Neutralizer instantly restores the delicate acid balance of your hair, the reason your home permanent is so soft, so perfectly natural-looking from the very first day.

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RICHARD HUDNUT of Fifth Avenue



Boom Town



Bennett Cerf

WHEN the mighty Hoover Dam, harnessing the waters of the Colorado River, was completed in 1936, agricultural and industrial interests in the Southwest were protected for the first time from a recurring and devastating cycle of floods and droughts. Boom times ensued for Southern California, Arizona and Nevada, but nowhere were the results so immediate as in the town, 26 miles from the dam, called Las Vegas.

From a sleepy community of 5,000 in 1925, Las Vegas has mushroomed into a feverish, brassy city of 40,000 today, featuring high gambling, low taxation, easy marriage and painlessly simple divorce. It has seven magnificent resort hotels, with two more building — and virtually anything goes there — particularly a visitor's money.

LET'S TAKE the lush, recently opened Sands Hotel as typical of this new vacation "paradise." The Sands, fronting the new and constantly expanding "Strip," cost four million dollars and it took the proprietors almost two full months of round-the-clock gambling by panting guests to recoup their investment. One gent who had lost \$3,000, considered a \$16 charge for his room exorbitant. The benevolent desk clerk reduced it to \$14 and the man went away happy.

Another guest — a lady whose lantern jaw won her the nickname of "Mme. Pop-eye" — held the dice for 45 minutes. She made 27 consecutive "passes" (sevens and elevens), but being a cautious soul, won only \$132.

Excited gamblers around her, however, backed her heavily, and her splurge cost the management \$215,000.

OUTSIDE of the constantly crowded gambling rooms of the Sands, and other hostleries in its class, are lavish accommodations, elegant shops and deserted swimming pools. For those who do not like fancy roulette or the galloping dominoes, there are slot machines in every nook and cranny.

I asked one busy lady, "Which way is it to the office of the 'Las Vegas Sun'?" Without breaking her rhythm (she couldn't lose her

money fast enough at one machine, so was crouched over two), she answered:

"Thirty slot machines straight ahead, then fourteen dice tables to the left."

LAS VEGAS night clubs don't care how much they pay their stars, figuring, no doubt, that the stars will probably lose their loot, and then some, right back at the gaming tables. At one time, luminaries like Bankhead, Lena Horne, Joe E. Lewis and Melchior are likely to be appearing within the confines of a single mile along the "Strip."

To see them, you need only order a round of sodas for your entire party. The boys will get you on the way out. Joe E. Lewis ended his engagement by climbing atop a dice table and imploring, "Shoot any part of me."

At the airport he added, "If I was



LAS VEGAS. Swimming pools are empty

alive today, I'd be a very sick man. But I'll be back to play Las Vegas again next year. I want to visit my money."

THE LAST STRAW. When Gardner Cowles, the noted publisher and editor, and I were taken for a tour of Hoover Dam and Lake Mead, our guide pointed to the breathtaking vista and boasted, "Biggest man-made lake in the world. Mightiest dam. Loftiest range of pure rock mountains. How does it all strike you?"

Cowles, deeply appreciative, murmured, "Wonderful! But somewhere a voice is calling — and I think that somewhere is the dice table at the Desert Inn."

Back we went. We saw all, knew all — and lost all.

— BENNETT CERF



COWLES (left) and Cerf. Lake Mead couldn't compete with the dice

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mildness
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See how PALL MALL's
greater length
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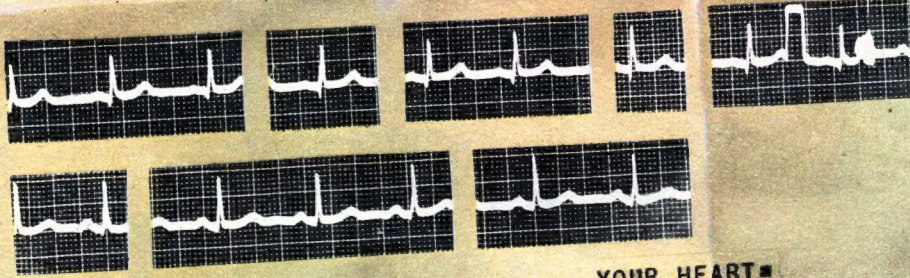
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YOUR HEART=

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

Ever see a "telegram" from your heart?

You are looking at a small part of an *electrocardiogram* . . . a record of the tiny electrical impulses given off at each beat of your heart.

When interpreted by your doctor, such "telegrams" may read: "Patient's heart normal . . . no need for worry." Others may say: "Patient's heart faulty . . . help required."

Yet, even when the heart sends out a message of trouble, it does not necessarily mean impending tragedy. For even a defective heart is capable of working for years if not overburdened.

Thousands of people are living good lives with bad hearts . . . because they acted wisely and in time.

First, they did not ignore the warnings that often suggest heart trouble—*shortness of breath, pains in the chest, irregular beating of the heart, and constant fatigue*. They heeded these warnings in time . . . knowing that their greatest security depended on taking *prompt* advantage of the help which medical science could give them.

Second, they accepted the limitations and restrictions imposed by a weakened heart. They tried

not to "over-do"; they learned to avoid sudden exertion, and to keep weight at the normal level. They also recognized the value of sleep and relaxation, and the importance of freeing their lives from worry and strain.

Remember that in your physician's hands, you are in *good* hands. For today, physicians are better equipped than ever before to treat and control heart disease—and to guard against it as well. By taking advantage of the help your doctor can give you *now*, you increase your chances of living a good life with a bad heart.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

Research and Manufacturing Laboratories, Detroit 32, Michigan

Research groups sponsored by the National Heart Institute, the American Heart Association, universities, hospitals, pharmaceutical companies, and public and private agencies are constantly seeking new knowledge which will help physicians to control heart disease with even greater effectiveness. Parke, Davis & Company, as a maker of medicines prescribed by physicians, is proud to play its part in this great concerted effort; it is because of such unrelenting research that there is indeed "new hope for hearts" today.

"I TRIED SUICIDE"

An Anonymous Confession
as told to LESTER DAVID

Here is the gripping, step-by-step story of a young woman who actually attempted what many troubled people have secretly thought of. She made a great discovery

Photograph by Joe Covello

EVERY 32 MINUTES an American commits suicide. Over the past 10 years, the annual average has been 16,000 — more than double the number of murders listed by the FBI. Another way to look at it: twice as many Americans have taken their own lives since June, 1950, as have fallen in Korea. And hundreds of thousands have tried and failed. Here's the story of one of them.

I WAS icy calm the evening I tried to kill myself. I felt no fear and no remorse. It was a terrible kind of calmness, as if all my emotions had died already and all that was left to kill was my body.

It was seven o'clock on a cold January evening. I was alone in the house with Bruce, my 18-month-old son. The baby usually falls asleep quickly, but this evening he fretted. I was impatient, but I knew I mustn't show it. I had to get him asleep fast. There wasn't much time. My husband was coming home at nine.

Finally he was quiet. Thank heaven. It was now half past seven. I ran downstairs and filled a glass of water. I put on a pair of blue pajamas.

Then, slowly and methodically, I swallowed 22 sleeping pills. There was no terror. I had only the certain feeling that this was a perfectly logical thing to do.

Combed Her Hair

I BEGAN straightening up the room. I swept my clothes from the chairs and put them in the closet, stacked the magazines neatly and arranged the perfume bottles on my vanity. Then I fixed my lipstick carefully and combed my hair. I did these things because I wanted to look attractive, even in death.

Now I began to feel drowsy. About 15 minutes had passed since I took the pills. I turned back the covers and got into bed. It was all over. I was going to die.

The last thing I remember was leaning over and turning off the bedside lamp because the light hurt my eyes.

My suicide attempt three years ago was not an impulsive gesture. Neither was it the result of long debate within myself. To me, it was the only possible solution.

Why? I was only 28, not a raving beauty but slim and attractive. I had a fine husband, a sturdy little boy and lived in a nice house in a New York City suburb. You'd say I had everything to live for.

Yet I felt it was so right to want to die. Let me explain why.

All of us can be strained to an ultimate breaking point. Even the bravest soldier can crack up when the strain becomes intolerable. The seeds of self-destruction are inside all of us. Tell me, how many times have you cried out or thought to yourself in a moment of utter despair: "God, I wish I were dead!"

Why She Did It

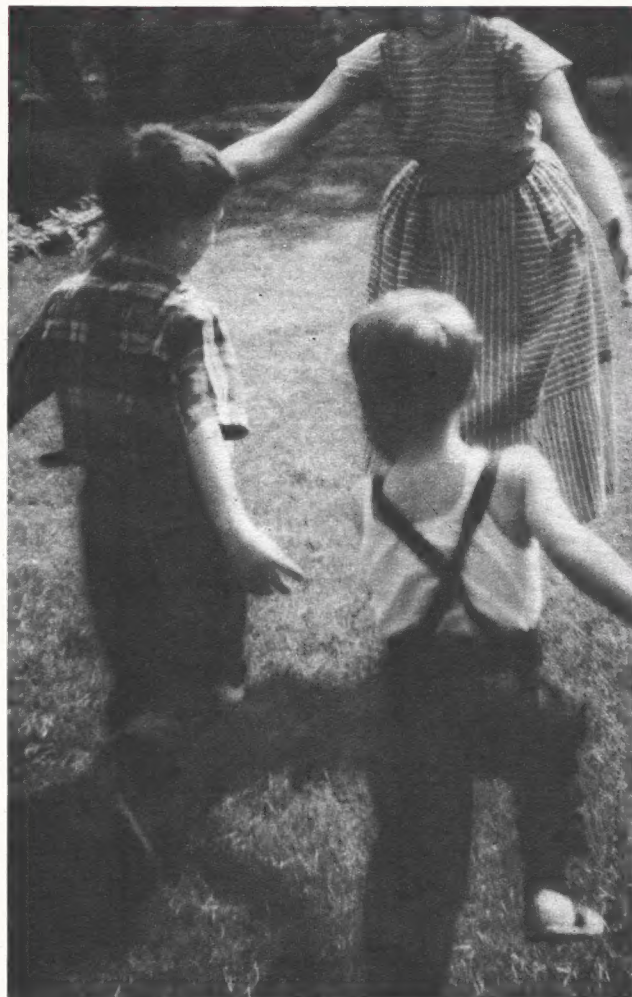
LIFE's problems can become too big, too overwhelming for anybody — and the seeds of suicide grow insidiously as the troubles mount. Death, as an escape from the turmoil of living, enters the mind.

The wish to live ceases. In death, you visualize oblivion and peace. Once you start to think this way, you have passed the border of normal reason. You are no longer sane.

Now let me say this: The real reasons for a suicide's act are deep and tangled. You can't explain it by the direct causes such as financial reverses, domestic difficulties, ill health or the like. These are only the triggers. Dr. Karl A. Menninger, one of America's foremost psychiatrists, says in his book, "The Human Mind": "People who commit suicide for these ostensible reasons have generally begun their self-destruction long before these things occur."

How true this was in my case! To explain why I tried suicide, I must go back many years into my childhood. That was when the emotional starvation that ultimately resulted in near-tragedy started.

I was born in a large Midwestern city, the youngest of four children. My mother, a tall, mirthless woman, ran the household with



HAPPY ENDING. Life's problems seemed too big, but she finally licked them

stern discipline. My father, a successful and prominent businessman, was rarely at home.

My mother, herself a product of stern upbringing, believed in keeping children "in their place." I am sure she cared for us, but she deliberately hid all outward show of affection and pride. It left in me a deep hunger for love or anything resembling love.

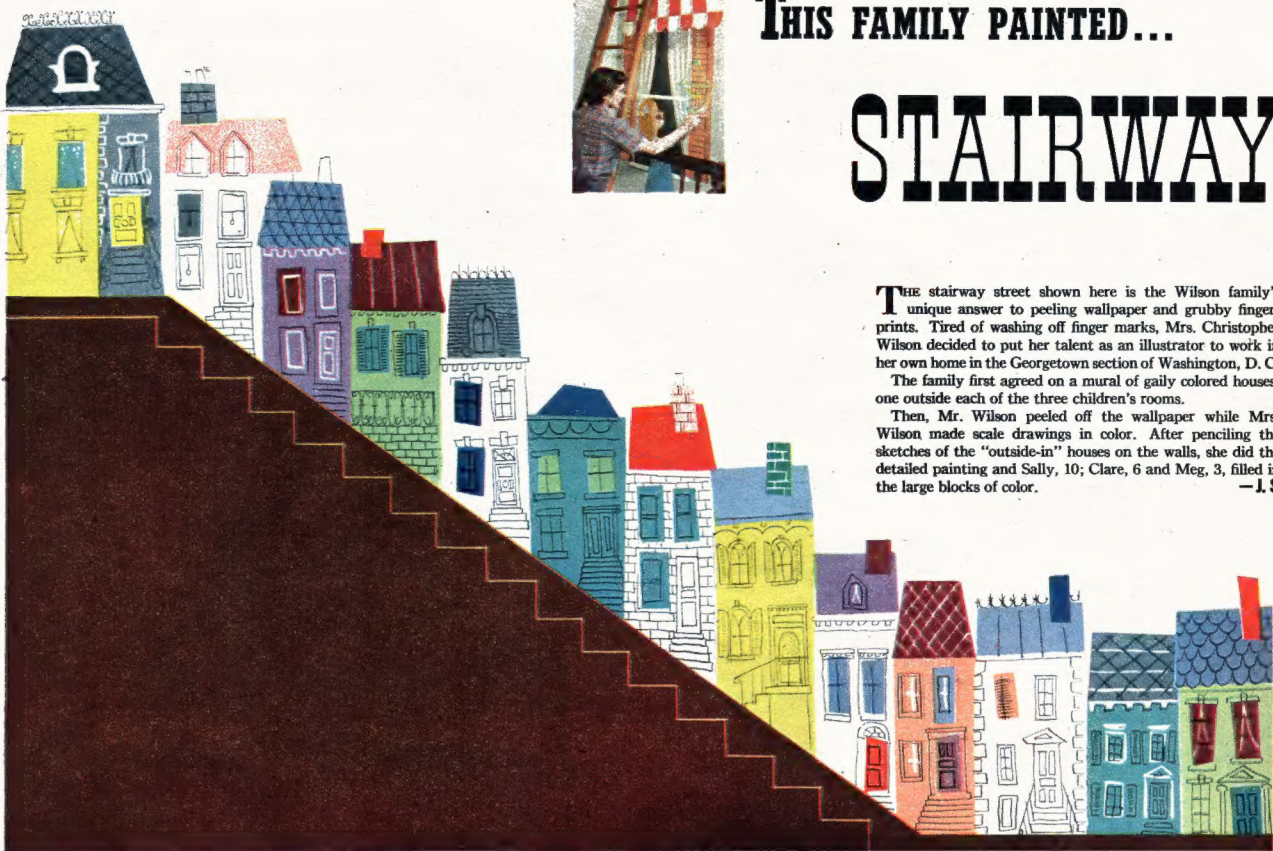
I remember asking her when I was 10 if she thought I was pretty. "No, but you're intelligent looking," she said, "and that's more important." I cried that night.

One fall, after trying two years, I finally made the girls' field-hockey team at high school. I came home, swelling with pride, and

Continued on page 16



"OUTSIDE-IN HOUSES" for the hallway first had to be laid out in a scale drawing. Window outside each girl's room shows its occupant



THIS FAMILY PAINTED...

STAIRWAY

THE stairway street shown here is the Wilson family's unique answer to peeling wallpaper and grubby fingerprints. Tired of washing off finger marks, Mrs. Christopher Wilson decided to put her talent as an illustrator to work in her own home in the Georgetown section of Washington, D. C.

The family first agreed on a mural of gaily colored houses, one outside each of the three children's rooms.

Then, Mr. Wilson peeled off the wallpaper while Mrs. Wilson made scale drawings in color. After penciling the sketches of the "outside-in" houses on the walls, she did the detailed painting and Sally, 10; Clare, 6 and Meg, 3, filled in the large blocks of color.

—J.S.

WILSON FAMILY approved Mother's drawing of the stairway street. Then all hands set to work to reproduce it — see opposite page for results



peering out with the pet she'd most like to own



FINISHED hallway with the girls' "houses" is the gayest in Georgetown

STREET

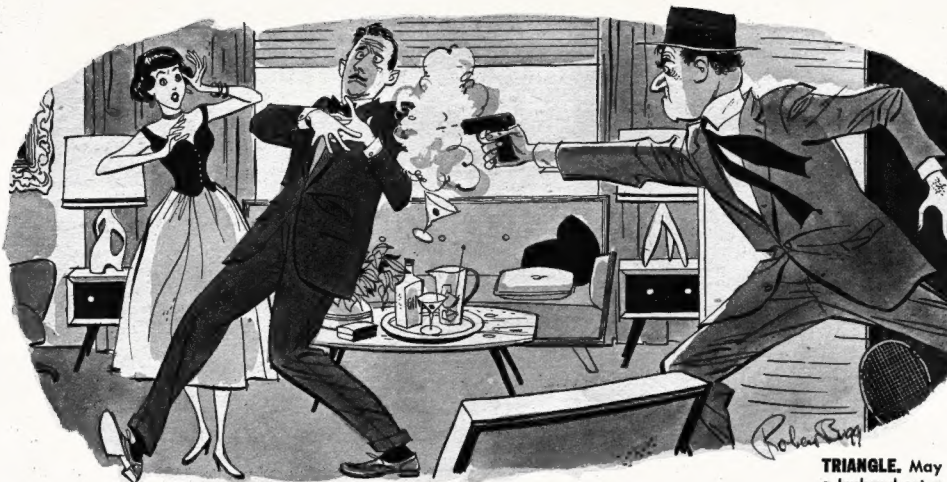
Photographs by Robert C. Lautmann



10-YEAR-OLD Sally puts finishing touch on her portrait in window



FAMILY AT WORK. Mother supervises as Meg (top), Clare and Sally paint



TRIANGLE. May a husband set a trap for a wolf?

WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT?

by José Schorr

Here's a fascinating new game. See how good a judge you'd make in a murder case

HAVE you ever secretly wanted to be the judge in a murder case? Here's a parlor game in which you can try playing His Honor, but it isn't easy. You have to know several important legal principles for these cases, each of which is taken from real life, and in each of which the judge had to render an important decision involving a point of law.

Give yourself eight points for each correct answer. A score of 64 or more is good, over 80 excellent. If you get all 13 questions right, drop what you're doing and run for judge. (Answers at end of article.)

1. Lay That Pistol Down!

If an angry husband pulls out a gun when he catches his rival making love to his wife, may the rival shoot back in self-defense?

(a) Yes, because there is no greater law than the law of self-preservation.

(b) No, because he instigated the situation that endangered his life himself. Therefore the homicide he commits to get out of such difficulty is his own fault.

(c) Yes, because we no longer recognize the jungle law which entitles a husband to kill his wife's paramour.

2. While She Stood in Bed

After the bank robbery Jack and Jill ran in different directions but the cop chased Jack because he had the money. Hours after Jill got home, Jack shot the cop. Is Jill guilty of the murder Jack committed while Jill "stood in bed"?

(a) Not guilty because the killing happened after the robbery was ended and each conspirator was on his own.

(b) Guilty because the conspiracy to rob the bank was not over until the money was divided.

(c) Guilty because Jack was shooting to protect her good name.

3. Street Fight

Joe dared Dick to fight and dropped dead after exchanging a few blows. Should Dick go to jail for the fight that was forced on him?

(a) Yes, because only fools take dares.

(b) No, because Dick was only defending himself against the fight Joe started.

(c) Yes, because all physical conflicts when induced by the passions of the parties are unlawful, hence if death ensues it is manslaughter.

4. Go-Getter

Bill tricks his friend into robbing a bank then shoots him for the reward when he emerges with the loot. Can Bill be guilty when all he did was shoot down a bank robber?

(a) Not guilty, because it is every citizen's duty to help stop a felony.

(b) Guilty, because Bill induced the guy to rob the bank only to furnish him with a pretext for killing him.

(c) Not guilty, because it is never too late for a criminal (Bill) to reform.

5. Traps

If a suspicious husband fools his wife into thinking he left town when actually he is hiding in the closet, may he shoot his wife's lover when he sees that wolf go into his wife's arms?

(a) Yes, because a man's home is his castle the sanctity of whose walls he may kill to defend.

(b) No, because a husband is not allowed to set a trap for his rival if he does so not to prevent the adultery, but to obtain revenge upon the adulterer.

(c) Yes, because that is what the unwritten law was "written" for—to help men protect outraged womanhood.

6. Scared To Death

Ben stormed into Peter's father's house to beat Peter up for insulting his, Ben's, girl friend and the fight scared Peter's sick father to death. Did Ben kill Peter's father?

(a) Yes, because the father would not have died but for the fight started by Ben in the father's house.

(b) No, because the father's death was too remote a consequence of Ben's fight to hold Ben liable for it.

(c) No, because a man should not be required to give a medical examination to every person within his sight and hearing before giving vent to his normal emotions.

7. Embattled Wife

When Milly's husband began beating her in a drunken rage she ran downstairs to get his gun for protection and when he started for her again, she shot him. Is Milly guilty of manslaughter?

(a) Guilty, because when she escaped the first time she should have reached for the doorknob instead of the gun.

(b) Guilty, because she should have known that her husband was not himself while drunk.

(c) Not guilty, because a person attacked in her own home is not obliged to leave her home to seek shelter elsewhere.

8. Death By Phone

Although he knows that only plenty of sleep could save his sick uncle's life, John keeps phoning him all through the night until he

dies. Is John guilty of murder for phoning?

(a) No, because it was the uncle's fault for not leaving the receiver off the hook.

(b) Yes, because nervous irritation can be just as responsible for death as a knife.

(c) No, because there is a reasonable doubt about his guilt; he may have been calling out of a real concern for his uncle's condition.

9. Fatal Jump

If an angry husband orders his wife to jump in the lake when he catches her there with another man, is he guilty for her drowning?

(a) Not guilty, because she jumped only to relieve the pangs of her own guilt complex.

(b) Guilty, because she had no choice but to jump to escape worse treatment from him.

(c) Not guilty, because no one was forcing her to jump.

10. Sleepy Driver

Tired Willie falls asleep at the wheel. Is he guilty of killing a driver he crashes into while he sleeps?

(a) Not guilty, because he is not responsible for what he did while asleep.

(b) Guilty, because he is responsible for letting himself get so tired that he would fall asleep without knowing it.

(c) Not guilty, because he didn't mean to fall asleep.

11. Mad Money

Although Ted's house was empty when he set fire to it to cash in on the insurance, his boarder was killed because he rushed into the burning building to save his wallet. Is Ted guilty for his tenant's fatal recklessness?

(a) Guilty, because the tenant's death resulted in natural sequence from Ted's setting the building on fire.

(b) Not guilty, because the tenant broke the law by entering the burning building.

(c) Not guilty, because the tenant's rash act was his own independent act for which he can not hold Ted responsible.

12. Killer Kisser

At the height of the party Dick crowns Sam with a bottle. Sam is rushed to the hospital where he dies later by catching scarlet fever from a nurse he tries to kiss. Is Dick guilty of manslaughter?

(a) Yes, because the felonious attack placed the deceased in a situation of danger.

(b) No, because Sam could not have been gravely injured by the bottle if he had the strength and desire to chase girls.

(c) No, because the scarlet fever came by a visitation of Providence and not from the act of the party inflicting the blow.

13. Abetting Wife

If Al says he'd kill Ben if he only had a gun and Ben's wife gives him the gun, is she guilty for what Al does?

(a) Not guilty, because she could have thought he was only joking.

(b) Guilty, because any person who aids or abets in the commission of any offense may be convicted as if he had done it himself.

(c) Not guilty, because she didn't tell him to use the gun.

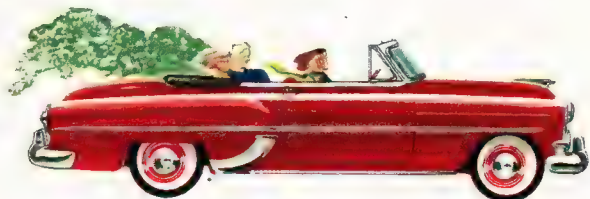
ANSWERS:

1—b. (Alabama Supreme Court) 2—b. (Louisiana Supreme Court) 3—c. (Delaware Court of Oyer and Terminer) 4—b. (Texas Court of Criminal Appeals) 5—b. (Georgia Supreme Court) 6—a. (Idaho Supreme Court) 7—c. (New York Supreme Court) 8—b. (Idaho Supreme Court) 9—b. (New Jersey Supreme Court) 10—b. (New Jersey Superior Court) 11—a. (New Jersey Supreme Court) 12—c. (Kentucky Court of Appeals) 13—b. (Kansas Supreme Court)

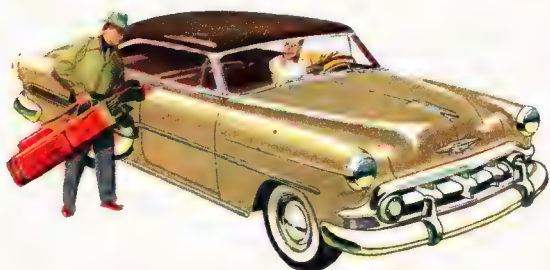


POW! But victim died of scarlet fever

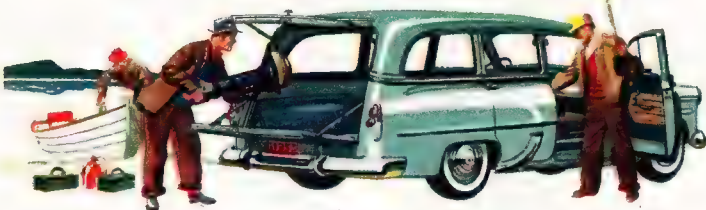
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The swank Bel Air Convertible

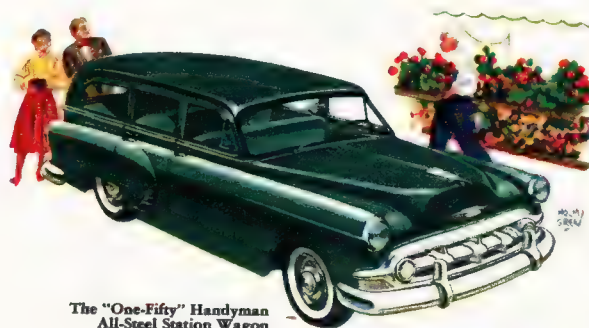
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When Hannibal met the

FEATURE FICTION

TIM DUNSTAN was worried — there wasn't any question about it. This was Sunday morning and he sat in his study with a third cup of coffee and a fifth cigarette and the newspaper unopened on his lap.

Tim was an advertising man, an account executive, who was now convinced that if things went on the way they were going there would not be any doubt about his developing his occupational ulcer.

Through the window Tim could see Joe, the McCoy cat, the scourge of the neighborhood and undefeated champion sitting quietly and watching the small wooden house with intense concentration. Joe was malevolently pondering ways and means of opening the door. From the interior there came a low drumming sound, like far-off thunder, and from time to time the rabbit inside, christened Hannibal by the Dunstans, quivered busily. In his excitement his long white and pink ears flipped this way and that.

Betty said, "Tim. Tim, listen to me." She wanted to stamp her foot, to shake him, anything.

"I'm listening," Tim said. He finished his coffee. It was cold.

"Since Friday night," Betty said, "you've done nothing but sulk. It's as if —" She stopped there, the proper figure of speech eluding her. "Now look here, Tim." She

marshaled her arguments carefully. "You've lost other accounts before, ones you really wanted to get. And this one isn't important; you said that yourself."

"Mmmm," Tim said. He shook his head. "You don't understand. It isn't the fact that I lost it; it's *how* I lost it." He paused. "Maybe I'm losing my grip."

SHE did stamp her foot then. "At your age. That's ridiculous. Just because —"

"You still don't see it," Tim said. He made a small gesture of helplessness. "Look. It was in the bag, absolutely in the bag. It had no more chance of getting away than — than that rabbit out there if Joe ever got him in the open. And I muffed it. That's the part."

"You were too sure of yourself, that's all." "When you start getting too cocky —" He shook his head again. "The ones who stay on

top don't make that kind of a mistake. The ones who do, don't stay long. I've seen it."

"That's nonsense," Betty said. But she was not sure it was. She hunted for a diversionary tactic. "What are we going to do about that rabbit, Tim?"

He smiled then, for the first time. "Hannibal? He's your problem. You won him."

That was unfair, Betty thought. "All I did was buy a ticket. For charity. And then —"

"And then here he came," Tim said, "house and all."

"But —" Betty said. "But I never won anything before. It's — it's ridiculous."

"Joe doesn't think it is." He watched the animals again. Hannibal's ears flopped in a distressful fashion. He drummed on the floor of the cage.

Joe's attitude was that of a thirsty man in front of a bar; he produced a length of cat

tongue and lapped at his nose. He stood up and stretched himself, the great shoulder muscles bulging ominously. He sat down again and watched, and waited. Sooner or later the time would come; he could be patient. His eyes did not leave the door.

IT WAS a little past noon when Betty came into the study again. She had her purse in her hand. "I'm going up to the nursery. They say the iris are unbelievable. Do you want to come?"

"I'll stay here," Tim said. The paper still lay, unopened, on his lap. "You go ahead."

"Tim." Her voice was not sharp now. "Tim, please. Don't just sit and brood. It doesn't do any good, and —" She stopped there. She turned away and walked slowly through the house and out to the car. She had seen him glum before, she thought; not often,

It was a wonderful battle. And the best thing about it was the lesson it taught Tim

BY RICHARD STERN

Illustrated by Walter Skor



Majestically Joe floated through the air, twisting in a sort of slow motion

Champ

but sometimes. But never like this. She felt helpless, almost frightened. She heard the low thunder of Hannibal's drumming as she opened the garage door. Beneath her breath she said, "You. Be quiet!" She got into the car and drove off.

TIM sat where he was. Recriminations, he told himself, were useless; the thing to do, of course, was to forget the whole thing, just go on as if it had never happened. Everybody was entitled to a mistake, wasn't he? Wasn't he?

But the good ones, he thought, don't make mistakes, not that kind of mistakes. It was only the half-good ones, the ones whose position was always precarious, who slipped more and more often and finally just slid out of sight. He knew one or two of them.

He put down the paper and went out to the refrigerator for a beer. Through the back door he could hear Hannibal drumming with his big hind feet. He put the beer down and went outside. Maybe a little work, he thought, anything to take his mind off his worries. Rabbits' houses needed cleaning; he had heard this somewhere.

Joe was silent and motionless when Tim appeared. He still studied the ridiculous little house, Hannibal's pink twitching nose, his floppy ears. Joe's attitude was plain; Hannibal had four legs and was, therefore, fair game, automatically classified with the wire-



"It isn't that I lost the account," Tim said. "It's how I lost it"

haired terrier next door, with the police dog up the street, with the dachshund who now assiduously avoided the area of the McCoy house, with all of the cats for blocks around — with everything in range which walked, ran, trotted, flopped or bounced and could not be considered human.

Hannibal's time, Joe's attitude said plainly, would come; it was a matter of pride, not viciousness, pride and ebullience and joy in combat. Joe opened his mouth. He uttered one sound, a quavering yowl, bespeaking defiance. Hannibal's ears flopped distressfully.

"Come on, Joe," Tim said. "Inside, while I try to make our friend more comfortable."

He shut Joe in the house while he worked. He cleaned the rabbit's house thoroughly. He rinsed and replenished the water pan. Hannibal sat in a corner and watched him, his long ears folded back, his nose quivering, his large, liquid eyes filled with uncertainty and trepidation.

"I'm harmless," Tim said. "I'm probably the most harmless human you've ever looked at."

Hannibal said nothing.

"You and I," Tim said, "are brothers under the fur. Only thing is, you probably never had delusions of grandeur, you never thought you were pretty hot stuff." He told himself to stop it, that it was childish and ridiculous to make so much out of something that was past and done and had not been really important to begin with; but he could not shake the feeling of depression. He was not looking forward to tomorrow.

There would be smiles and gentle jibes when he went to the club for lunch; but there would be a few smiles of pity, too, and those were the ones he dreaded most. Because those would be the ones that would confirm what he feared. *Poor Dunstan.* He could hear it now. *Seems to have lost his grip on things. Let that Biddle account slide right out from under his nose, did you hear? Just plain carelessness.* A man's reputation could not stand much of that.

He looked at Hannibal. "Hungry, bub? What do you eat? Lettuce, celery, things like that? I'll see what I can do." He left the door open. Hannibal sat huddled in his corner, staring fearfully at the world.

TIM found greens in the refrigerator, already cleaned, tucked neatly in a tray. He collected an assortment and stuffed them in Hannibal's pan. He started once again for the rabbit, and as he opened the back door he saw it, and stopped, and he said, "Oh, my God! Joe! Joe!"

But Joe, who had found an open window in the study, was busy and he paid no heed. His tail was lifted like a flag now, and his whiskers curled briskly and he trotted, with nonchalance, with aplomb, with colors flying, straight for the open door. Hannibal's back was turned; he was drinking at his pan.

"Joe!" Tim shouted again, but it was no good and he knew that it was no good, and he began to run.

Joe spoke once, giving fair warning, and

Continued on page 28

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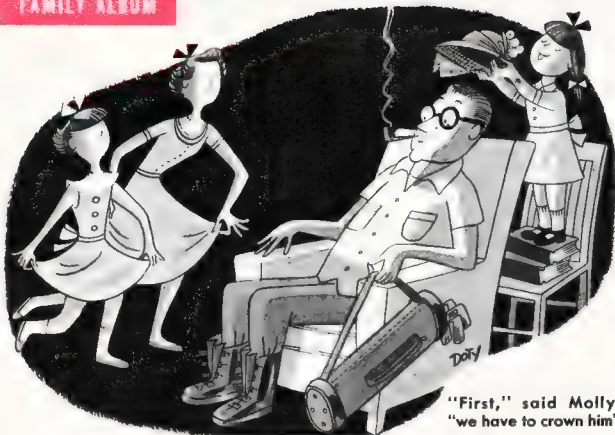
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FAMILY ALBUM



LIFE WITH FATHER'S DAY

by Dick Ashbaugh

**Dad is King for 24 hours —
and he's eagerly looking
forward to abdication...**

ONCE each year, as inevitable as the first rose of summer, the male parents of the land must face a sportive little occasion known as Father's Day. There comes a Sunday when everybody discovers that odd figure shambling around the premises is dear old Dad. A posse is organized to round him up and hold him at bay until an appropriate ceremony can be arranged.

It was on just such a Sunday last year that I was apprehended trying to slip out the rear door. I had planned on belting a little white ball around a nearby greensward in the company of some other duffers. Hardly had I assembled a pouch of crooked sticks used for this purpose, when my three daughters swirled around me and locked arms across the doorway.

"Wait a minute," I protested. "I've done the breakfast dishes and made the beds. What's the idea?"

The Fall Treatment

"THIS is your happy Father's Day," said Molly, the oldest and strongest. "We've got a program planned."

Bleating piteously I was led back into the living room and forced into an easy chair.

"Here's your pipe already loaded," said Melinda, the second in command. "Open your teeth."

"First we have to make you comfortable," said Molly, reading from a notebook. "Do you like your feet higher than your head?"

"We'll have to forget his feet," said Melinda, "until Michaela brings slippers. Here she comes."

"I couldn't find any slippers," said Michaela, "so I brought these overshoes."

Molly consulted her notes. "Before we start our play, which is called 'The First

Father's Day,' she said, "we have to put on his crown and sprinkle him with rose petals."

"I get to crown," yelled Michaela. "You promised."

"Does Mother know we're using her good hat for a crown?" asked Melinda anxiously.

"She said it was all right," replied Molly, "as long as we don't jam it down. Go ahead, Michaela, and don't forget the words."

"I crown thee King of the Day," intoned Michaela. "We are your loyal servants. You are the scream ruler of us kids."

Red-Hot Rubber

"It's supreme ruler of we children," corrected Molly. "Okay, Melinda, sprinkle the rose petals."

"I couldn't get any rose petals," said Melinda, "so I'm using radish peels."

"His pipe smells funny," said Melinda. "I think Michaela put something in it when I was out of the room."

"Just some rubber-bands," said Michaela.

"When are you going to give him his gifts?" asked Melinda.

"After the play," said Molly.

"Now we'll all curtsy and back out of the room so we can get dressed."

"What if he tries to escape?" asked Melinda.

"He won't go far," said Molly. "I hid his glasses."

A few minutes after they left a blurred figure swam into view.

"Good grief!" said my wife, wheeling to an abrupt stop. "Who are you supposed to be—Milton Berle or a spring salad? I thought you were going to play golf."

"My plans were changed," I said with a moan. "This is Father's Day—the happiest day of my life."

"So it is," she said brightly. "Well, jolly times."

"Come back," I wailed. "Get me out of this!"

"Sorry," she called, disappearing through the door. "It's your day, and the children have decided to let you have it."



THE KING: "Let me outta here!"

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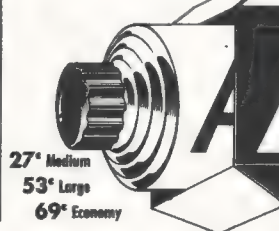
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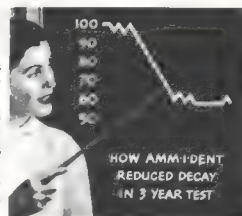
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CUTTING DOWN WASTE



1



2



3

"I TRIED SUICIDE"

Continued from page seven

breathlessly told my mother. She mocked what I thought was a supreme accomplishment. "For heaven's sake," she scolded, "can't you find anything better to do with your time?"

And then there was the discipline. It became more severe through my teens. Dates and make-up were barred. I had almost no friends.

The Wrong Sweater

I was miserable about my clothes. I would have given my soul for a sloppy joe sweater and a pair of flat, scuffed saddle shoes, accepted uniform for the prewar high-school coed.

After months of pleading, I finally won my mother over. She bought me a uniform. But it consisted of a beautiful, expensive and perfect fitting sweater and a pair

of orthopedic-looking saddle shoes with proper heels.

It may sound funny. But can you picture the acute misery a thing like that can bring a 15-year-old?

I will never forget my first formal dance. I was 16 and had plotted with my lone girl friend to have her brother ask me. He did and I was allowed to go. I was in heaven.

"Mother," I gasped, "it's formal. May I please have an evening dress?"

She weighed the request carefully. "I'll go downtown tomorrow," she said finally, "and pick one out for you."

I was wild with fear. It was going to be like all the other times I got new clothes.

My fears were justified. What a

Continued on next page

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"I TRIED SUICIDE"

Continued from preceding page

gown it was! It was very expensive but it was a simply horrible creation of black lace which hung absolutely straight from neck to calves. All the other girls wore charming bouffant dresses that displayed their figures and swirled so prettily when they danced. Mine was too short, too drab and too old for anyone under 60. The evening was a complete bust.

It all added up to an almost complete lack of normal family and social life. I never learned to mix with kids my age. I was awkward and shy. I felt bitter at everything. Actually, I learned later, I harbored a deep, seething resentment against my parents, particularly my mother.

It was bound to explode—and it did. There was a disgraceful episode into which I was pulled relentlessly against every shred of decency I possessed.

After graduation, I was sent to a fine women's college in the east. Nick came into the picture. Looking back at him now, I see a grubby, pudgy, ill-mannered man of 35, with small eyes set in a flabby, florid face. I see a confirmed drunk, a man who couldn't hold a job and who took money from me.

At 19, I saw these things, too, but they weren't important. What counted was that Nick was the first man who showed tenderness and affection toward me. My chief emotional tension at 19 was a hunger for love that I never got in childhood. I grasped at the closest substitute.

Dates With a Drunk

I MET Nick when he was a counterman at a drugstore near the campus. We went on dates, not to dances, and football games as my classmates did, but to dirty taverns where Nick's friends hung out. I met hard-faced women who mouthed profanities.

Once, when I went to meet him, one of his friends greeted me with: "Your boy friend's in there." I went into a back room and Nick was lying on the floor in a drunken stupor in his own sickness. In a movie, he became so drunkenly obnoxious that the manager and an usher put him out of the

theater. I followed. In the lobby I met three of my classmates and their clean-cut young dates. They stared at me. I lowered my head and Nick, arguing boisterously, put his arm around me and staggered into the street. I curdled inside with shame.

I had been so starved for love that I finally descended to this. Why did I do it? Many forces were at work. First, I was by nature a passionate young girl and this passion had been repressed. This man made love to me. I was repelled, yet attracted, too. These things can happen. The first awakened emotion in a girl can jumble things out of all perspective. What will later come into focus as loathesome has a compelling excitement at the moment.

A Two-Day Marriage

THEN, I was starved for good times. And finally, I was subconsciously trying to hurt my parents as deeply as I could. I knew deep down that it was all horribly wrong, but I couldn't help myself.

And then it happened. In a crazy moment, I did what I thought would shame my mother to the depths of her soul. I married Nick.

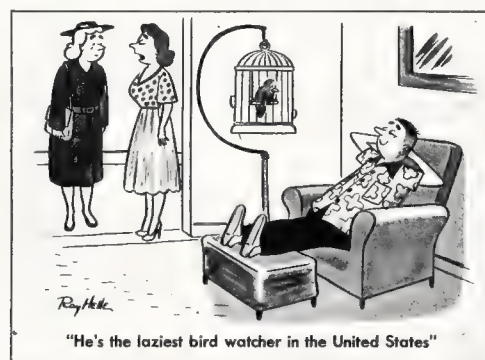
After my last class one afternoon, I took a bus to town, met Nick and we went to a justice of the peace. Nick wore a spotted gray suit. My wedding dress was a sloppy joe sweater and a pair of scuffed saddle shoes. I chose it deliberately.

The marriage lasted two days. College authorities called my parents and put the police on my trail. We were discovered at a small hotel and I was dragged back home by my mother. She spoke to me only once during the entire trip back.

"I just hope you're not pregnant," she said. No sympathy, no kindness.

The marriage was speedily annulled. Enrolled at another school in my home city—where I could live home and be watched—the impact set in. There had been failure, frustration and loneliness all down the line. My feelings of

Continued on next page



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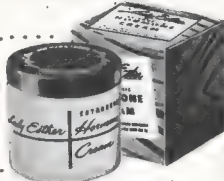
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"I TRIED SUICIDE"

Continued from preceding page

inadequacy and unworthiness were markedly accentuated. I plodded along for a year.

It was in this shaky state of mind that I met a young Air Force man who was stationed at a nearby base. His name was Bob and he was as fine as Nick had been gross. We dated for several months—and it was good, wonderful fun—and soon I knew I was really in love. But panic was growing inside me.

I was terribly afraid that the bubble of this first real happiness would burst. What would Bob think if he knew of the disgraceful escapade at college? Many times I thought of telling him, but I didn't want to gamble. What would he think if he knew the truth? I kept quiet.

Three months after we met we were engaged, and Bob was shipped overseas soon after. In May, 1944, he returned a hero. As a radio operator in a B-17, he had flown the first Berlin raid and other missions and won the Distinguished Flying Cross.

We were married soon after and my feeling of guilt grew stronger almost by the day. I wasn't the person I pretended to be.

Slowly the web tightened. Bob wanted a child. I didn't because my sense of shame, now looming entirely out of proportion, caused me to feel I would be doing a tragic injustice to him and his child.

Abortion and Miscarriage

With horror, I learned I was pregnant. I couldn't have a baby. I did not deserve to have a baby. My shame would be his shame. The memory was eating at me. It never let me go. I still couldn't tell Bob.

In college, I had taken a few pre-medical courses. I aborted myself. It was another thing to add to my self-guilt.

Bob kept pleading with me to have a child. He couldn't understand my flimsy excuses. I began to feel that I was losing him. I made an abrupt switch. I acceded.

There was a miscarriage. Then another. These were further blows. They heightened my feeling of inadequacy even more. I didn't want a baby, but I was even incapable of bearing one.

After the war we moved to New York City, and I gave birth. The infant proved too much for me. He cried; I couldn't handle him and I got panicky. I grew more and more tense. In the background was the sordid experience with Nick, which I still kept to myself, and the ever-mounting sense that I couldn't cope with the daily problems of living.

The Decision

WHEN did the idea of suicide come? It's impossible to say. A steady, relentless progression of events made living unbearable. I felt things closing in on me from all sides. Even trivial things seemed momentous. The butcher delivered beef liver instead of calves' liver and I cried. One day the washing machine broke down and as I stared at it in dismay, the baby began to wail and the phone rang. I collapsed in tears again.

Once, after a particularly hectic morning, I remember standing at the head of the stairs with the boy, who was just beginning to toddle, at my feet. How easy it would be, I thought, to give him a nudge and let him fall. He would be killed instantly and my own life would be immeasurably eased. I caught myself up with a gasp of horror. Murder of the baby had actually entered my mind.

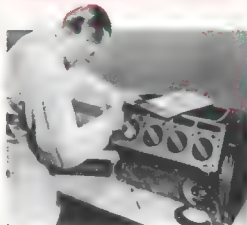
Finally, there were the physical symptoms that emotional turmoil breeds—headaches, constant tightness in my chest, pounding of my heart, indigestion, sleeplessness.

The thought of death as an escape seeped into my head. I would close my eyes and think of it. Every time I did so, I felt curiously happy. It would mean oblivion, peace.

I had gone to a doctor, who had prescribed sedatives to calm my nerves. They were three-

Continued on page 22

CYLINDER WEAR CUT 49% with Miracle Power



You can't argue with *facts*. Wetmore Hodges & Associates, independent laboratory, road tested two engines—one with Miracle Power, one without.

One of many benefits of Miracle Power proved by this test is its capacity to lubricate upper cylinders. Oil alone won't lubricate here because temperatures may reach up to 1400° and oil burns at 550°. But Miracle Power, a blend of petroleum super lubricants including colloidal synthetic graphite in suspension, withstands far greater heat. That's why the Miracle Power test engine had only half as much bore wear as the engine without Miracle Power.

Other results: After 33,703 miles, the Miracle Power engine was using 33% less oil, had 13% greater compression, 56% more spark plug life, 49% less cylinder wear, 15% less ring wear.

Use Miracle Power in *your* gas and oil—accept no substitutes.

Stops DRY STARTING Damage
... Treats the Engine, Not the Oil!

METAL ABSORBS MIRACLE POWER AS

BREAD ABSORBS BUTTER—Miracle

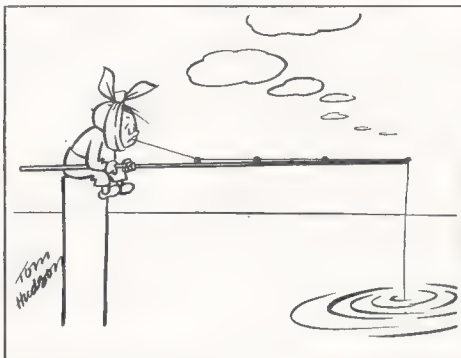
Power fills microscopic valleys in metal with a breath-like graphoid film. This film holds oil preventing Dry Starting damage (metal to metal contact during the up to five minutes it takes to pump oil to vital parts after starting). It also lubricates when the oil film breaks or burns off.

Get Miracle Power (money back guarantee) at gas stations, garages and Ford, Kaiser-Frazer, Willys and other car dealers—75¢ (\$1.00 in Canada).



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QUIZ 'EM

Questions and answers from current news



NEWEST D.A.R. Who's member No. 2,180?

WIDE WORLD

LATEST . . . The Daughters of the American Revolution recently accepted their 2,180th member at large. Who is she?

Mamie Eisenhower.
—Mrs. L.G.S., West Mansfield, O.

EXCLUSIVE . . . Why did Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield abolish the Lomax Post Office in Wilkes County, N.C.?

The postmaster of Lomax was the only person who received mail

there — at a cost of \$1,800 a year to the taxpayers.

—I.R., Indianapolis

VERSUS . . . How did the production of gold in California in 1952 compare with the production of winter carrots?

Gold was worth \$8,874,000 — carrots, \$8,978,000.

—Mrs. W.H.C., Springfield, Ohio

LITERATE . . . According to a United Nations survey, who are the most literate people in the world?

The Finns — only one in 100 cannot read, while in large areas of Africa and Asia only one person in 100 can read.

—Mrs. R.L., Huron, Ohio

SWAP . . . Why has a Marion, Ill., dairy replaced milk trucks with horses?

They claim horses are cheaper and behave better in traffic than most truck drivers.

—L.P., Falmouth, Mass.

SHORTAGE . . . Why were some 200,000 Pennsylvania motorists temporarily without 1953 license

plates on the expiration date of 1952 tags?

There was a shortage because of the January riot at Western State Penitentiary, Pittsburgh, where the tags are made.

—B.G., Ephrata, Pa.

SUDS . . . What is a brewery in Cambridge, England, doing to help the Red Cross blood-donor drive?

It has offered to exchange beer, pint for pint, for blood.

—R.C.O., Chicago

TATTOO . . . George Burchell, self-styled king of the tattooists, is dead. In his 50-year career, what design was most popular?

A garland of roses with "Mother" inscribed in the center.

—Mrs. R.R., Miami, Fla.

CONDUCTED BY

Tom Henry

NOTE: We will pay \$2 for a question and answer used in this column. Questions are based on current news and clipping of news source must accompany answer. Address: Tom Henry, THIS WEEK, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Unaccepted contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.

Puts On Blue Bonnet To Get Most For The Money!



MRS. YOGI BERRA

You, too, will love BLUE BONNET Margarine's delicate, sunny-sweet flavor! BLUE BONNET makes bread, toast, hot rolls, and vegetables taste better than ever!

You'll appreciate BLUE BONNET's nutrition. Unlike most other margarines, BLUE BONNET contains both Vitamins A and D — as much year-round Vitamin A and D as you get in the high-priced spread for bread!

Yet BLUE BONNET Margarine costs less than half as much as the high-priced spread. So put on BLUE BONNET and be sure of "all 3" — Flavor, Nutrition, Econom-e-e!



Not a shadow of a doubt — both Mother and Daughter take prettily to fresh summer pink and white checked cotton, gayly sprigged with embroidered figures. Mama by Beaumart, about \$15; wee miss edition by Sunny Lee, about \$8. At leading stores.



Not a shadow of a doubt with Kotex

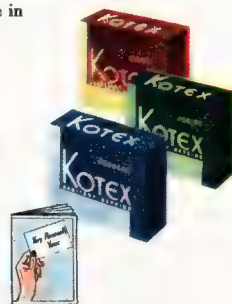
Absorbency that doesn't fail—Kotex gives you the trustworthy kind of protection you need. And you get trustworthy softness, too, for Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing.

Holds its shape—without twisting, roping or pulling. That's why this napkin retains its fit and comfort for hours.

No revealing outlines—because only Kotex of all leading brands has flat, pressed ends. Another important reason why Kotex is America's first choice in napkins. Your choice of 3 absorbencies — Regular, Junior, or Super Kotex.

More women choose Kotex*
than all other sanitary napkins

Mothers! For "certain" facts your daughter needs to know — send for the new, free booklet "Very Personally Yours." Tells what happens and why, at that time. Helpful do's and don't's. Write Room 263, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.



FREE of extra cost

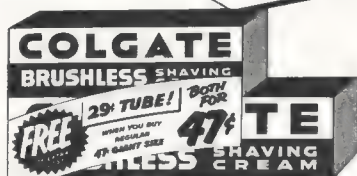
Large Tube of PALMOLIVE or COLGATE Shaving Cream

WHEN YOU BUY GIANT TUBE AT REGULAR PRICE

FREE OF EXTRA COST
35¢ TUBE OF
PALMOLIVE
OR COLGATE
LATHER
WHEN YOU BUY GIANT TUBE
AT REGULAR PRICE!

Choose any combination: 1. 29¢ size tube of Palmolive Brushless FREE of extra cost when you buy giant tube at regular price! 2. 29¢ size tube of Colgate Brushless FREE of extra cost when you buy giant tube at regular price! 3. 35¢ size tube of Palmolive Lather FREE of extra cost when you buy giant tube at regular price! 4. 35¢ size tube of Colgate Lather FREE of extra cost when you buy giant tube at regular price!

FREE OF EXTRA COST
29¢ TUBE OF
PALMOLIVE
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Repellent**

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Sports, or Variety Store.



New! Colgate's
VETO
CREAM DEODORANT

**Stops
Underarm Odor
Before It Starts!**

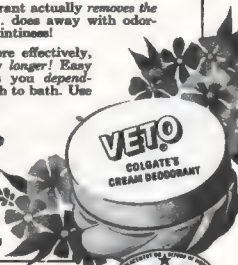
Checks Perspiration More Effectively, too!

Colgate's new Veto Cream Deodorant actually removes the chief cause of underarm odor... does away with odor-causing bacteria that spoil your daintiness!

And Veto checks perspiration more effectively, too... keeps you dry and dainty longer! Easy and pleasant to use, Veto gives you dependable protection that lasts from bath to bath. Use Veto Cream Deodorant every day!

Why You'll Prefer Veto

- ★ Smooth, creamy, absorbs easily
- ★ Never cakes or dries out in jar
- ★ Delightful fragrances you'll love
- ★ Certified safe for clothes by the American Institute of Laundering



Veto Gives You All Day Protection

39¢-59¢



TOAST OF NEW YORK. California-born,

BROADWAY



For years Hollywood has swiped New York's best girls. But here's a switch: Gwen Verdon in "Can-Can".

Photographs by Carl Perutz

GWEN VERDON is the surprise find of Broadway. She stopped the show for seven minutes of rapturous applause at the opening of "Can-Can" and became overnight the pet of all the New York critics. And she owes it all to Hollywood's notorious shortsightedness.

Hollywood couldn't find her under its very nose. Miss Verdon was born and raised in Culver City, in the very shadow of the largest studio. She married a Hollywood newspaperman (they have a 10-year-old son and are divorced), worked on a movie trade journal, taught Betty Grable her steps and even danced in four movie musicals herself without attracting undue attention.

For that matter, THIS WEEK Magazine, a year ago, hailed her "delicate, delicious comedy-danc-

ing" and predicted stardom which never came.

She would probably still be teaching aspiring starlets dance routines behind the cameras, however, if Danny Kaye hadn't spotted her.

"What's Wrong With Her?"

It was entirely accidental. Gwen was demonstrating to some movie executives the introductory dance routine for "On the Riviera."

"Show 'em how it's to be done," said her boss, Jack Cole, and explained that the routine would be performed by two six-foot-tall showgirls.

"What's wrong with her for the number?" inquired Danny Kaye, pointing to Gwen, who is five-foot four.

And so the scene opened with three girls before the cameras



singing and dancing have made her the season's sensation

GETS GWEN

by Louis Berg
This Week Movie and TV Editor

(See Front Cover)

instead of two. Gwen danced sensationally in "On the Riviera" and also in "David and Bathsheba" and "The Merry Widow." But nobody bothered to tie her down with a contract. When Cy Feuer and Ernest Martin, producers of "Can-Can," offered her a job on Broadway, she was free to accept.

After Hollywood, Broadway is duck soup to Gwen. "Only four numbers a day," she

says smiling, "and I have every Sunday off."

The only other easy job she had was when she staged a show for the "Lido" in Paris.

"Nothing to it. Whenever I was stuck for an idea I could say, 'Bring on the nudes!'"

Gwen Verdon, the supposed meteor out of the blue, is really an "old pro." "Discovering" her, it has to be said, was a little like finding a peach on a peach tree. *The End*



"GARDEN OF EDEN" number. After four movies, Gwen finds Broadway a snap



AMERICAN!



VETERAN!



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That income can be \$90 or more a month.

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Don't throw away all the benefits you

earned while in the Army. Be active in the Army Reserve. See the U.S. Army Reserve Unit Instructor in your city or the nearest U.S. Army Recruiting Station.

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WOMEN! Find out about the benefits to you when you join the WAC Reserve. No prior military service required.

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cooking outdoors



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FASHION FIND



SWIM SLIPPERS

DESPITE the number of stony beaches around the country, it's always been hard to find bathing shoes you're not ashamed to be seen in. But this year Gustave Inc. is making these hand-crocheted nylon shoes which come out of the salt water (or a washing machine) in the same condition in which they went in. Made like Gustave's bedroom slippers, they are inexpensive, come in many colors, can be worn indoors as well as out.

— JOAN SHORT

Photographs by Ray Solowinski

"I TRIED SUICIDE"

Continued from page eighteen

quarter grain capsules of seconal, a barbiturate. I was given only four with each prescription, but I started saving them up. I put them in an empty bottle which I hid in my silk handkerchief bag at the bottom of a drawer. When I had 15, I thought it was time. I planned to take them the next time my husband told me he wouldn't be home early. Then I changed my mind. I decided to wait until I had more.

Finally, after several months, I had 22.

I took them on a Friday evening. I sat on the edge of the bed and took the pink capsules two at a time, taking a gulp of water with each pair.

That was all. I waited for death.

The next thing I remember was someone squeezing hard on the bony ridges of my eye sockets. I felt the pressure but no pain. My head was swimming with grogginess. My eyes were closed and I couldn't move a muscle. Dimly I was aware of lights and voices, but I had no way of letting anyone know I was conscious.

I learned later that my husband and a doctor had been working seven hours to save my life. Now the doctor was trying to induce pain to waken me from my stupor. Finally I screamed. My eyes felt as though they would burst. I heard the doctor say: "She'll be all right."

The rest is a blur. It was noon next day

when I opened my eyes again. I was weak and dizzy and couldn't hold food. By evening, I felt better. Next morning I was completely out of it.

Then the dam burst. The calmness, the cold, terrifying composure of that suicide night ended abruptly. My husband took me in his arms and I wept uncontrollably.

But was I out of the woods emotionally? No, because nothing had happened to change the essential situation. Would I try again? Possibly. But the upturn started that day.

Shock Treatment

ON THE advice of the doctor I went to a psychiatrist. He gave me a series of electric-shock treatments, which are used in cases of profound depression where the risk of suicide is acute. The patient recovers in a few minutes. The shock reduces the depression state with dramatic suddenness.

Psychoanalysis followed. I told the full story of my life and slowly I realized what had happened to me and why. As the problems came into the open, they began to lose their terrors. I hadn't realized that I was no longer alone in the world, that I was getting the love, appreciation and security I had always wanted. I came to understand that I was accepted, that I had "arrived."

The sordid marriage was put into its

Continued on next page

Only Shampoo Guaranteed to Remove Dandruff with Just ONE Lathering!

Beware of dandruff. It may warn of more serious hair troubles to come. To remove loose dandruff, you need a special shampoo. And that's exactly what this amazing new shampoo is... You even USE it differently!



2

Add Water! Because of its unique "deep-cleansing" action, it floats away dirt and dandruff, with just ONE lathering!



1 **Because You rub it in before wetting hair, it goes to work extra fast! Instantly your scalp feels a refreshing tingle!**



3

No Dulling Soap Film, so no special after-rinse! A quick plain-water rinse... hair is beautifully clean, silky-soft! What is this marvel? It's wonderful new, improved Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo.



4 **No Other Shampoo Guarantees** to remove dandruff with one lathering or money back! Yes, Fitch is specially made to remove dandruff. For sparkling clean hair that's lustrous, more manageable, get new Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo! Also ask beautician or barber for professional application.

"I TRIED SUICIDE"

Continued from preceding page

proper place. I came to realize why I did it and I lost its horror. I told Bob—and he understood.

My close brush with death had made living sharper. Just doing the daily shopping, preparing dinner, going to the movies are keen experiences. I walk among people in the streets and I whisper a prayer of thankfulness that I am walking with them.

I know that I have the deep love of my husband. The doctor told me how Bob came home that night, found me in a stupor and quickly phoned him. Then Bob kept me on my feet until the doctor arrived, and prayed during those long hours when the doctor was injecting benzedrine every 30 minutes to waken me. Knowing these things, I thank God I did not succeed.

You see, we have another little boy now, and the four of us make a normal, happy family. I want to be with them a long time.

Never the Answer

I HAVE learned that suicide is never the right solution to a personal torment, no matter how enormous it may seem. Self-destruction, after all, is just a dramatic way of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face. It is taking revenge on those who caused the problems to arise. It is an utterly stupid gesture.

The point is, these problems that seem so overwhelming can be solved. My solution was psychotherapy. Other answers might lie in unburdening oneself to a minister, a wise doctor or simply to a husband or wife. Just talking about deep troubles does wonders. There is an organization in New York City called the National Save-A-Life League, which has kept nearly 40,000 persons from committing suicide in the past 46 years.

My husband and I are making plans for a month-long fishing trip this summer. We're going to camp out, broil steaks (and fish, we hope!) over an open fire and go to square dances at night. We went last summer, too, and had a glorious time.

It's great to be alive! The End

"...there shall be ONE fold and ONE shepherd"

Jim Brown read these words in the Gospel of St. John and was deeply disturbed.

Elsewhere in his Bible... in the Epistle to the Ephesians... he noted the exhortation of St. Paul that there be "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."

"Where," he asked Father Crane, "is this unity of which the Bible speaks? How is anyone to know which is 'the one Fold... the one Faith... the one Baptism,' when Christ's followers are divided into hundreds of denominations, many holding conflicting beliefs?"

The priest agreed that good and sincere people are indeed confused by the claims and counter-claims of a divided Christianity. Instead of traveling on a single highway clearly marked with the words: "Come—follow me," they find themselves wandering in a network of roads with signs pointing in all directions.

"But how," Jim persisted, "can the average person know what to do? When doctrinal claims contradict one another, how am I to know which is right and which is wrong?"

A study of Christian history, Father Crane replied, will provide a better answer for the troubled and confused than would a study of conflicting creeds.

"History will tell you, Jim," the priest went on, "that Christ proclaimed His intention to establish a Church, with Peter as its head and the other Apostles as its bishops. History further tells us

that this is the Catholic Church, which was established during the time of the Apostles, with Peter as its first leader—the first Pope."

The Mass, Father Crane continued, was the central act of public worship in the early Church, as it is today. There were seven Sacraments for the early Christians—seven for Catholics the world over today. Catholics of 1,900 years ago confessed to a priest, and they do so today. Catholics believed then, as, now, that Baptism removes original sin... that matrimony is a Sacrament, not just a civil ceremony... that bishops and priests receive their powers through a Sacrament instituted by Christ.

"Many people," Father Crane concluded, "are either uninformed or misinformed about the Catholic Faith. They would, in many cases, want to be Catholics if they knew the truth. So all that we ask of you... and all other sincere people... is that you investigate—that you learn for yourself what the Catholic Church teaches and what Catholics, since the days of the Apostles, have sincerely believed."

Free

If you want to know why Christ's followers are no longer united in "one Fold"... under "one Shepherd"... write today for our free pamphlet describing the 16th Century upheaval which gave birth to the divided Christianity of our times. Write today... ask for Pamphlet No. TW-39.

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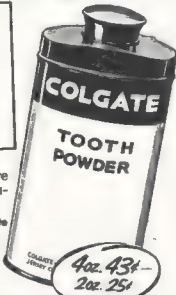
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"ATHLETE'S FOOT" is caused by parasitic fungus growths which thrive on damp, sweaty skin. Successful treatment requires keeping skin dry and stopping fungus growth so that healing may take place.

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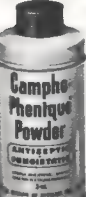
FIRST—Campho-Phenique Powder soaks up perspiration—helps keep feet dry, reduces danger of infection spreading.

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IN ADDITION—Gives fast, soothing relief from the tormenting itch and burn.

Don't let "Athlete's Foot" get a toe-hold. Get Campho-Phenique Powder today. See how fast it relieves misery... aids healing. For deep-seated cases consult your doctor.

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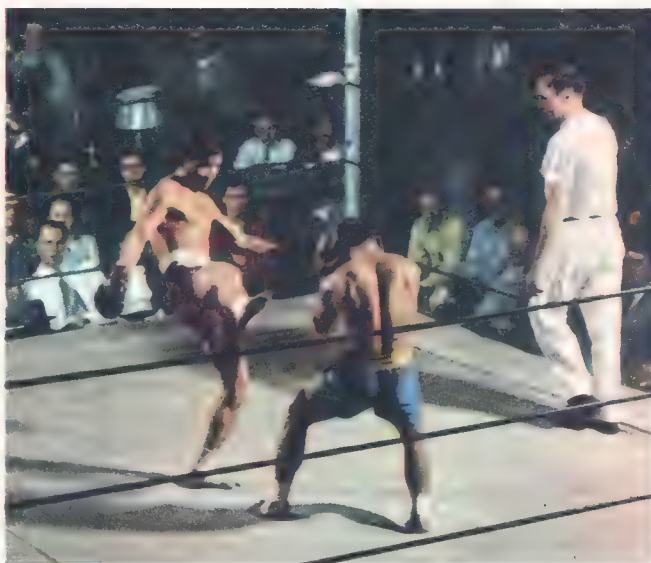
You, too, will find SCUFFY white magic for all white shoes. For children's and grown-ups' shoes alike — smooth leather, suede, Nubuck, even fabric. Just touch 'em with the magic SCUFFY dauber and shoes look whiter than new! Try SCUFFY now — like Walt Disney's "PETER PAN", you have to see it to believe it!



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LEADING with his right (foot, that is), Chalerm Amatayakul is open for a counter



SIAMESE BOXERS



KID KHWOONGSE slips a right swing



KNEE is effective on defense, too

ROCKY MARCIANO would have his hands full if he were suddenly tossed into the ring with one of these Siamese boxers. Siamese boxing is similar to ancient French *savate* and right at the start Rocky would be sure to catch a foot in the face.

Boxers shown here have just concluded a tour of the U.S. The entertainment gets under way with a preliminary ritual during which the fighters pray for help. Formal procedure calls for a musical accompaniment throughout. Next stop is a religious dance and then the boxers, wearing four-ounce gloves and no shoes, go to their corners. Fists, elbows and feet all become lethal weapons. They play rough. Stay away from them, Rocky. — R. S.



KNOCKDOWN — but where's the referee?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BURT GLINN

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this matchless new way!



Blu-White Flakes guarantee your wash will be shades whiter...shades brighter!

No matter what you hear or read about any soap or detergent, the fact is this: your wash will be *shades whiter, shades brighter* when you wash the Blu-White way.

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No matter what you've used before, with Blu-White you must have the whitest, brightest wash ever, or return package to Manhattan Soap Co., New York, and get *double your money back!*



Try Blu-White for washbowl washings, too; it's all you need. So kind to hands, and so economical!

HOW, WHAT and WHY

BY RAY BETHERS



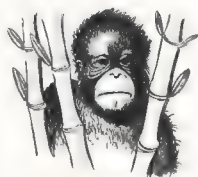
STEWARD. He was a keeper of pigs. His job: to ward off wild animals and robbers. From the Anglo-Saxon *stiga* (sty) and *weard* (warden)



NASTURTIUM. Romans felt that its smell "twisted their noses." So, from the Latin word *nasus* meaning nose and *torqueo* (twist)



BATONET. Many years ago "bayonettes" were short daggers from Bayonne, in France. Result is the present-day word, bayonet



ORANGUTAN. The Malays thought he was a "man of the woods." In Malay the word *orang* means man while the word *utan* means woods

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Exclusive Argus "RED-i-dot" saves film!

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TREATS FROM THREE

Here's a cheese sandwich from Utah, a cheese soup from Virginia and from Kentucky, Sally Lunn. Try them all

PULL on your seven-league boots, take a journey with me; a three-state hop. Knock on the door of Mrs. J. E. Frank on Holladay Blvd., Salt Lake City, Utah. Sit on the terrace, overlooking Cottonwood Canyon, eat a rolled sandwich, sip a glass of fruit juice.

This sandwich is typical of the easy done yet tasty concoctions Mrs. Frank can devise on a moment's notice. She loves entertaining, but refuses to make hard work of the pleasure.

The Franks are newcomers in Mormon City. Five years there, but that's little time to get well acquainted where the families are old-timers and closely related. The Franks' guests come from back home—that's Minnesota; they come to stay for a week or a month. Mrs. Frank does her own cooking, she does the housework and good management is required if she is to find time to enjoy the onslaught of visitors. "And remember," she says, "I have a year-old son to amuse."

Served Broiler Hot

"But one child doesn't count," she laughed, "not here in Utah where they brag that the state's best crop is its children and the average family runs a baker's dozen. Have another sandwich," she urges. "More coming along hot from the broiler."

Take a slice of white bread or rye, leave on crusts, lay on a slice of processed Cheddar. Roll bread and cheese into tight bundle; wrap with slices of bacon or thin slices of boiled ham and fasten well with tooth-



picks. Broil until bacon is cooked, ham hot and golden, the cheese gently melted. Other things too can be rolled into bundles. A deviled-egg mixture is good rolled and bacon wrapped. And for picnic eating put in potato salad then wrap the roll with ham to broil over the coals. These sandwich rolls with a green

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STATES by Clementine Paddleford

This Week Food Editor



TASTY SNACK on a minute's notice comes from Mrs. Frank's kitchen

CLAL BERNSTEIN

salad and coffee either hot or iced make a summer day luncheon.

Lift your spoon and enjoy this Virginia cheese soup as it is made by Mrs. Ralph B. Campbell of S. Arlington, Va. She still remembers with nostalgic excitement the luncheons she had as a child when visiting her grandmother whose recipes came out of France. Grandmother was one of the Daniel Grinnell line which stemmed back to the French nobility. When Daniel came to America he brought along the recipes from the family table. The luncheon Mrs. Campbell liked best began with cheese soup, followed by a vegetable plate, the vegetables freshly gathered from Grandma's garden, these accompanied by a glass of buttermilk and the little hot biscuits filled with finely cut chives. The ending was a dish of fresh applesauce and a serving of gingerbread.

Virginia Cheese Soup

- 2 cups chopped celery
- 1 quart boiling water
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup light cream

¾ pound American cheese, finely chopped (2 cups)

Cook celery in boiling water for 15 minutes and press through potato ricer or food mill. Reserve water and juice; melt butter or margarine in large saucepan. Stir in flour, salt and cream. Mix thoroughly and add chopped cheese. Place the pan over medium heat and slowly stir in liquid from celery. Continue to stir until desired thickness is reached, and soup is smooth in consistency. Serve hot and garnish with summer savory, chopped chives, parsley or water cress. Yield: 4 portions.

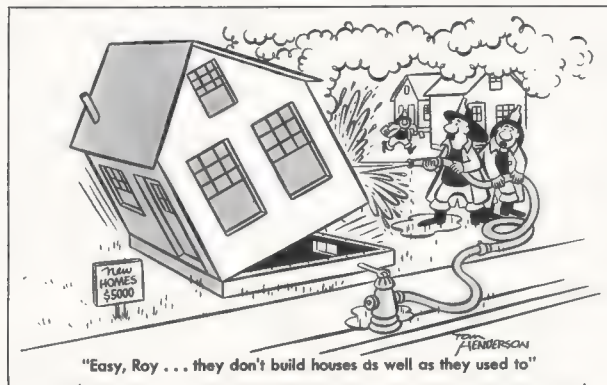
Break off a piece of the Kentucky Sally Lunn, drop it into the mouth dripping butter. It's from the Kentucky blue-grass country, this recipe for Sally Lunn from Kate Megibben of Coral Gables, Fla., who has it from her grandmother's kitchen. The dough is baked in two shallow pans then buttered and placed together to cut in wedges like pie. Katherine said, "I have eaten Sally Lunn in England (the land of Sally Lunn) but none ever to equal that my Grandmother baked." A delicious sweet bread for lunch or supper. Kentuckians eat it only when hot.

Kentucky's Sally Lunn

- 2 cups milk
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 package dry granular yeast
- ¼ cup lukewarm water
- 3 eggs
- 5 to 6 cups flour (about)

Scald milk. Pour over combined butter, salt, sugar in a bowl. Add 3 cups flour and yeast which has been dissolved in the warm water and allow to stand for 5 minutes. Blend thoroughly. Cover and let rise in a warm place from 2 to 3 hours or until light. Beat in eggs. Add flour enough to make a stiff dough (about 5 to 6 cups). Do not knead, but roll out on lightly floured board and divide dough in half. Press lightly in a ¼-inch layer on the bottoms of two greased shallow pans (9x12x2). Brush tops with melted butter or margarine and let rise again about 1 hour. Bake in a 375°F. oven 25 to 30 minutes. Yield: 36 squares.

LIME TANGLED — that new dessert, tingling with flavor, which Florida will offer next week, a creation from her Persian lime country.



"Easy, Roy . . . they don't build houses as well as they used to"



Treat your Man like the grand kid that he is

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1925



1953

Spaghetti like this brings back memories of a boy's eager appetite. Like a kid, your man will pitch right in and relish the wonderful flavor of the tomato and cheese sauce. Because this spaghetti is really a boy's favorite food that the man still loves. That man of yours will never grow old enough or rich enough to lose his love for this grand-tasting dish.

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BE DIAL CLEAN FROM HEAD TO TOE!

DIAL SHAMPOO
DIAL SOAP

WHEN HANNIBAL MET THE CHAMP

Continued from page thirteen

Hannibal turned swiftly toward him. Then Joe advanced into combat. What happened now was more than a little confused; Tim saw it all, but even afterward it was difficult to sort it all out. There was a thump, for one thing; it was actually a double thump, but the two sounds were so close that they intermingled, like two men, almost simultaneously, kicking footballs. Hard.

Joe seemed to hang suspended in the door. And then, slowly, majestically, he came back out of the house and floated through the air, turning and twisting in a sort of slow motion. He landed on the grass with a thump, and for as long as it might take a man to count to five, nothing moved, not Joe, not Hannibal, not Tim.

And then carefully, with great deliberation, Joe got himself to a standing position on all four feet. He lifted one and shook it gently. He lifted another. He tested all four, and then swung his head from side to side checking on the hinge of his neck. He looked at the open door, at Hannibal's quivering nose peering out; he looked at Tim. He opened his mouth and then shut it again, uttering no sound.

With immense dignity he began to stroll toward the kitchen door. "Well, I'll be damned," Tim said. "Even you, champ!" There was wonder in his voice. . .

THE rabbit's house was gone from the backyard when Betty got home. She went into the house, puzzled. And there in the kitchen, on the floor, she found Tim and Joe and Hannibal. The rabbit's opened house sat beside them, and from time to time Tim pushed celery, spread with cheese, through the door. Tim had a beer in his hand; there was

evidence to indicate that it was not his first. Joe sat beside his empty bowl which had contained warm milk and dark rum, lots of rum. Everybody watched Betty.

Betty said, "Well." But the expression on Tim's face was no longer unhappy; the brooding was over. She did not know how or why, but she was content. "Having fun?" she said.

Tim nodded. "We've been talking things over." He held a piece of celery in front of the little house. Hannibal appeared, coming almost a foot out the door to take it. He retreated into his sanctuary. "Nice fellow, Hannibal," Tim said. "He whipped the champ. Fair fight, but the champ was cocky, too sure of himself, got whipped."

Joe said nothing. He swiped at his nose with his long tongue.

"If it could happen to him—" Tim said. He was having a little difficulty with the words, but his meaning was clear. "If it could happen to him, I guess it could happen to anybody." He paused. "He doesn't seem to be worried, does he?"

"No," Betty said. It was strange, she thought, but at that moment she was close to tears. "Neither are you, any more."

Tim nodded. He picked up his beer. His eyes were bright and merry.

"And neither am I," Betty said. She started for the door before the tears should appear. Over her shoulder she said, "Have fun, fellows."

There was a low drumming sound. Hannibal's nose appeared in the door. He looked around.

"Ho—hum," said Tim, shoving another piece of cheese and celery at Hannibal. "To the victor go some spoils." The End



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AUTHOR: "Attention is the best gift for a storyteller"

DON'T RUIN MY STORY!

by John Cameron Swayze

RADIO AND TV COMMENTATOR

A good listener is a favorite hero of this writer. Here's a list of his choicest villains

MY WORK requires that I do some pretty constant talking and so I have been able to make a pretty close study of the way people listen, and I've come to appreciate a good listener. I've also come to notice how many different types of bad listeners there are.

To single out just a few of the more common garden varieties, there is the point-killer, the story-slaughterer, the head-shaker, the space-starrer, the wanderer, the interrupter and the huh-whatja-sayer. All of these types have one thing in common — they don't listen. Let's take a look at their habits.

Point-Killer. This type waits for the end of your story to stab a completely unrelated remark at his neighbor. He decides this is an auspicious moment to remark: "Isn't it hot in here?", "Gee, I'm hungry," "Shall I open the window?"

Story-Slaughterer. He's the one who climaxes your punch line with his own version of the same basic tale.

Head-Shaker. He will sit and punctuate every sentence with a head shake. This gives you the unpleasant feeling that he has either heard your story before or he is denying everything you say. Before very long you are ardently wishing you had never brought up the subject.

Space-Starrer. Perhaps the most upsetting of all, his attention seems to be so firmly anchored at a distant spot that whatever far-away thought is holding his interest is apparently of greater importance than what you are saying.

Wanderer. He bobs up and down, picks the middle of your story to pace the room, change chairs or even in certain cases, to leave the room, usually shouting as he goes, "Go right ahead—I can hear you."

Interrupter. His face takes on a look of "hurry and finish so I can tell my story," and every time you pause for a breath he says, "uh-but-uh-but" or "yeah-but." He isn't deliberately breaking in—he is simply anxious to tell his own story.

Huh-Whatja-Sayer. This type is in a class by himself. He listens with an intent expression and gives the feeling that he is deeply interested in everything you are saying. However, after lengthy palaver on your part, he's not quite got the point.

The most difficult thing for a listener to do is keep quiet when the conversation is being carried by someone else. An attitude of interested attention is the most inspired gift a listener can give a storyteller. Common courtesy demands such display until the conclusion of any remarks which are being made.

If you listen to the other fellow, you might even learn something!

NEXT WEEK Comedian Robert Q. Lewis explains how your hobby can turn you into "The Biggest Bore In Town."



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Perfect perk-up for spring appetites—luscious tomato-rice, lavished with a tangy cheese sauce! It's good, it's thrifty—and such a *cinch* to make with Minute Rice.

This miracle rice is *pre-cooked*! You just pour Minute Rice right from the package, add water and salt, bring to a boil, turn off the heat. *Ten*

minutes later your rice is ready—as white and fluffy, tender and tempting as you ever dreamed rice could be. You can't miss with Minute Rice—it's *sure* to come out perfect every time!

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TOMATO RICE 'N CHEESE DELIGHT

Fry 4 slices bacon. Remove; reserve 2 tablespoons fat. Sauté 1 sliced, medium onion until golden brown. Add 2¼ cups (No. 2 can) tomatoes and juice, ½ cup water, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Break up tomatoes, simmer 2 minutes. Add 1½ cups Minute Rice, mix to moisten rice, bring to boil, simmer 2 minutes. Cover, remove from heat, let stand 10 minutes. Top with Cheese Sauce* and bacon. Serves 4 a complete meal, when you add olives, a tossed green salad, and garlic bread. Remember, only Minute Rice takes on the rosy tomato glow . . . gives you this one-dish delight in just 20 minutes!

*To make Cheese Sauce, add ¾ cup grated mild Cheddar cheese to 1 cup medium white sauce.



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SUITCASE ROCK

**U. S. Oilmen Drilled
17,714 Dry Holes in 1952—
Yet Found More Oil
Than The Nation Used**

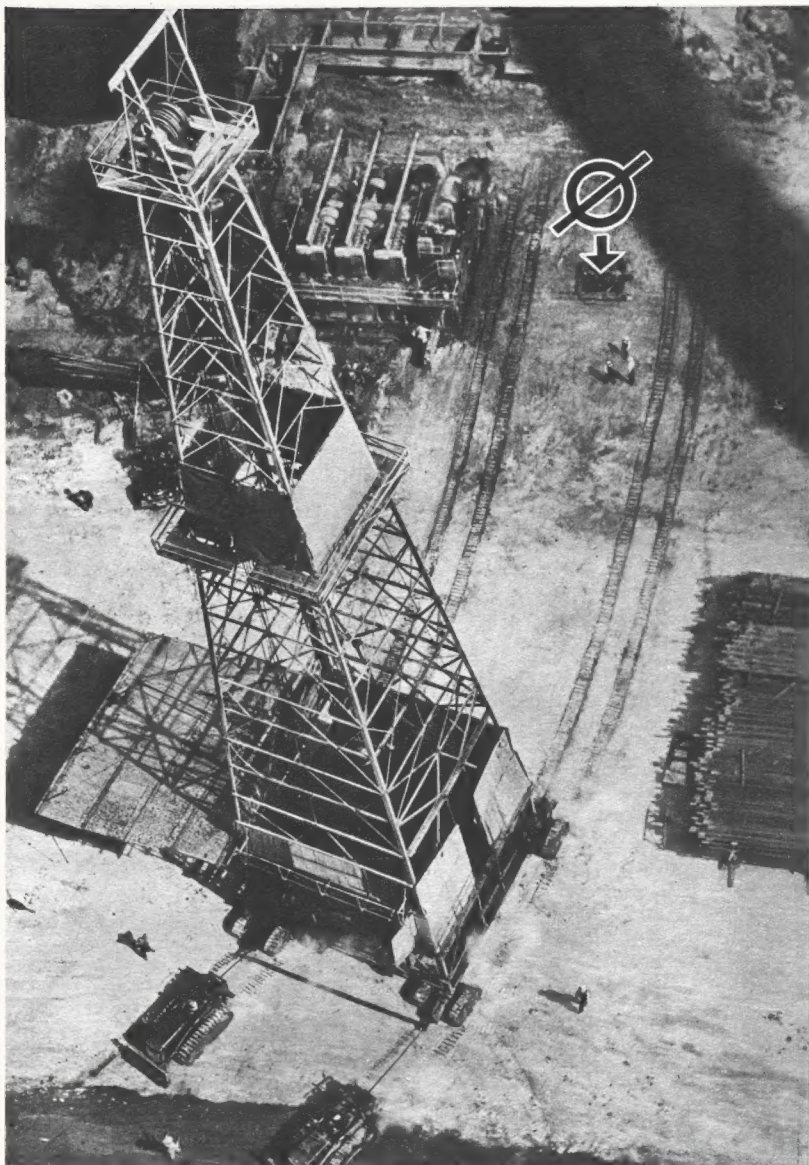
Oilmen call it "suitcase rock," because when they hit it they know there's no chance of finding oil with this particular well. They have drilled a dry hole and might as well pack up and move on.

Last year, during the greatest oil search in history, oilmen spent huge sums in drilling 17,714 dry holes. Yet, by expanding known fields and exploring entirely new wildcat areas, they found more oil in the U. S. than the nation used.

To find this amount of oil involves risks unparalleled in any other business. Can you imagine a businessman who has to build *nine* factories before he gets *one* that produces goods? Of course not. But that's what the men who drill for oil must do because the odds against bringing in a successful oil well in a promising but unproven area are 8 to 1—*eight costly dry holes for every single producer.*

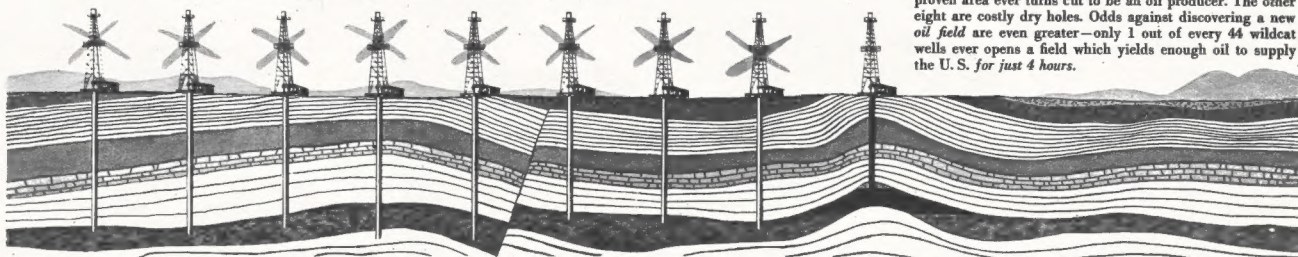
Yet, year after year, America's privately-managed oil businesses find more oil in the U. S. than America uses. As long as the chance to earn a profit exists, the men who compete in the search for oil will invest money, plow back earnings and take risks to assure you of ample oil supplies.

For a free booklet, "Searching for Oil—The Gamble That Pays Off For You," write to Oil Industry Information Committee, American Petroleum Institute, Box 121, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.



"SUITCASE ROCK" MEANS MOVE ON and try again. These oilmen have just drilled a dry hole (Ø marks the spot) in West Texas. But they won't quit. This photograph, taken from a Bell Helicopter, shows them "skidding" their rig to a new location where they'll try again. This persistence in the face of big risks is one important reason why America's oilmen continue to find more oil than the nation uses.

WHY SEARCHING FOR OIL IS SUCH A RISKY BUSINESS



Only 1 out of every 9 wells drilled in a promising but unproven area ever turns out to be an oil producer. The other eight are costly dry holes. Odds against discovering a new oil field are even greater—only 1 out of every 44 wildcat wells ever opens a field which yields enough oil to supply the U. S. for just 4 hours.

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How long since you've had a Pepsi-Cola? Try one today—in the familiar economy size that serves two people, or in the smaller single-drink bottle. You'll see why Pepsi is now more popular than ever.



Pepsi-Cola
The Light Refreshment